and eventually to curbing of the industrial concessions in the colonies.

He had done for the exploited Negroes of central Africa what he had earlier done for the homosexual instinct in his *Corydon.* Indeed, in a public debate that took place in 1935 Andre Gide emphasized the essential relationship of such literary "campaigns* when he said: "Enthusiastically and almost systematically I become the advocate of whatever voice society ordinarily seeks to stifle (oppressed peoples or races, human instincts), of whatever has hitherto been prevented from or incapable of speech, of anything to which the world has been, either intentionally or unintentionally, deaf/*

The periodic scandals that punctuated Andr<§ Gide's career have been alluded to in passing. Restricted in the earlier years by the voluntarily limited editions he issued and the correspondingly small public he reached, their repercussions were greater in the twenties and thirties. Naturally the chief scandals centered on *Corydon* and on what Gide now calls, with a slightly apologetic smile, his "honeymoon with Communism/' In the early thirties when he announced his admiration for Soviet Russia and his sympathy toward Communism, he shocked even his most faithful admirers and raised another barrier between himself and official honors. At about this time, on the other hand, the *Soviet Encyclopedia* hailed Gide's abandonment of "the world outlook of the middle-class *rentier"* in favor of a realization "together with the best representatives of Western intelligentsia" of the collapse of the capitalist system.

But those who were more sophisticated than Andr6 Gide could appreciate the extent of his misunderstanding when they read the text of his enthusiastic message to the first Congress of Soviet Writers in August 1934 with its statement that

"The Communist ideal is not, as its enemies declare, the 'ideal of an ant-hill/ Its task today is to establish, in literature and art, a Communist individualism. . . .

"Communism cannot assert itself without taking into account the peculiarities of each individual. A society in which each man resembles all others is not desirable; I shall even say it is impossible; and this is even more true of a literature. Each artist is necessarily an individualist, however strong his Communist convictions may be and his attachment to the party, Only in this way can he create a useful work and serve society/[7]

And when, in 1936, he undertook a trip through Russia to observe the realization of Utopia at close hand, he was quite naturally shocked by the lack of personal liberty, the inteUectual regimentation, the "depersonalization," the continued existence of poverty he found there, and the reconstitation of social classes that he had hoped were forever abolJhed In his *Retour de* ZUZLS.S. and *Retouches & mon Retour de* n/.R.S,S. he did not hesitate to say. these tilings at the risk of another